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When lo a form before mine eyes
Disgraced with many a bloody scar,
Appear'd and cried, "Maria rise,
And wipe away that streaming tear."

No phantom he of wanton air,
As thought first fill'd me all with fears,
But smiling sweet, he said "my fair,
Forget thy grief, and all thy tears."

Ah! no, ungrateful would I be,
So to forget what did me cheer,
And when oppress'd with grief, mine eye
I fill'd with many a friendly tear.

When grief again does fill my breast,
And waste me all with pining care,
The joy of grief with me shall rest,
In many a balmy, tender tear.

FLORETTA.

ON THE DEATH OF

FRANCIS WALLACE BURNS,

WHO DIED WHEN HE WAS ON THE POINT OF EMBARKING FOR THE EAST INDIES, SOME TIME AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, THE CELEBRATED ROBERT BURNS.

"WALLACE! a name to Scotia dear,
As long as Scotia's hills shall stand,
My boy the gallant name shall bear,
My boy shall love his native land.

"The generous swell, the tender throe
Shall urge his heart to honest fame,
Whilst in his veins no blood shall flow
Unworthy of this honour'd name.

"His little bosom rising high,
An independent mind displays,
The mien erect, the sparkling eye,
Invite the hope of future days."*

All fondly thus the father cries,
While round his knees his darling clung,
But lowly now that father lies,
And silence seals his tuneful tongue.

Yet fame and fortune promise fair,
Could they a parent's loss restore;
The gallant boy becomes their care,
They point to India's distant shore.

Far from his widow'd mother's eyes,
Say must he tempt the dangerous main?
Or faint beneath the burning skies,
Nor to a Mother's ear complain?

The gifts which fame and fortune bring,
Will virtue's smile these gifts approve?
Will conscience add no secret sting,
Which wealth and power can ne'er remove?

But pitying Heaven the trial spares,
While youth and innocence combine....
Behold the guardian Angel bears
The unsullied soul to realms divine.

M. L.

* See letters No. 83 and 91 from R. Burns to Mrs. Dunlop.

TO THREE BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

A FRAGMENT.

SWEET Innocents! yes, when I gaze
On those young smiling eyes, and stroke those cheeks
Like velvet soft, and kiss those little hands,
Fair, as the lily fair, and when I hear
Your merry mimic prattlings, and behold
Your sports so cheap, so harmless, yet so gay,
Oh! then, I something feel within my breast,
Of what thy parents feel, when fondling you,
They call you lambs, their little playful lambs,
Unutterably blest;—then, too, I feel
What felt that artist,* who divinely sketch'd
Three lovely children, adding to the group
A cherub's cheek, as tho' he meant to say,
Earth has not such a group. Sweet Innocents!
Yes, frolic still, like the young lambs, still sport,
To antic plays and pleasures only alive,
Thoughtless of future evil. As for me,
Why should reflection in its busy mood
Disturb these feelings? Why with some sad perhaps,
Muse on a distant day, when pining grief
To raptures may succeed; when racking pain
May so distract you, that you'll pray for death
To grant a long'd dismission; when, at length,
You, who now gamesome, fill your parents' breast
With transport, may with your dying breath bequeath
A heart-ache, which no time shall ever cure?
Why should I muse thus sadly? Hence, vile thought;
Rather let fancy point to future days,
When your fond parents' hopes and joys shall rise
Still higher, blessing you when they shall see
Their dearest little ones advanc'd in years,
And every year something more lovely added
To what before was lovely: let it point
To days more distant, when those young blue eyes,
When those fair cheeks, and those soft

* Alluding to a fine painting by Rubens.

pretty hands
Shall have new powers; when what but pleases now,
Shall all beholders charm: Oh! then may you
Be greatly good, as you are pretty now;
Each find a lover, worthy of loving you,
Worthy of being lov'd; so may you live
Then happy, as you now are innocent.

London. D.

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE.

THE Christian, while life's journey he pursues,
A stranger and a wanderer appears,
But still in prospect as the end he views,
It serves to dissipate his anxious fears,
The glorious end its beauties doth display,
And to the faithful traveller smooths the weary way.

Though storms, perhaps, assault him on his road,
Internal peace will break their utmost force,
His eye once fix'd on Heaven's secure abode,
No tempest can arrest him on his course;
Steady, by faith's unerring light he steers
His devious course along this vale of tears.

Even from afflictions he finds cause for joy,
They urge him forward, and his loiterings chide,
They tend self-love's allurements to destroy,
Which oft the soul from Jesus would divide;
If he has labours, they are "those of "love,"
And every grief is sunk in hopes of joys above.

When storms disperse, and skies no longer lower,
Our stedfast traveller does not slack his speed;
Prosperity has not the magic power
To make him deviate in word or deed;
He knows his master's business must be done,
By watchfulness and care the heavenly prize is won.

Yet still he does not churlishly refuse
To taste the sweets presented as he goes,
But careful not the blessings to abuse,
He grateful thanks the hand which good bestows;
Enjoys the comforts Heaven to him has lent,
Nor, if they are refused, gives way to discontent.

With an observing eye he looks around,
And what is beautiful or grand admires,
If aught or strange or wonderful is found
Into its nature curiously inquires;
His master's wonder-working hand he sees,
In earth, sea, air, in herbs, and flowers, and trees.

His fellow-travellers with love he greets,
Enjoys their pleasures, and their sorrow shares.
If any wandering from the path he meets,
He aids with counsel, and they have his prayers;
He helps the helpless, sooths the sinking soul,
And firm resisting stands 'gainst vice's dire controul.

His Master's great example still he makes
The rule of life; and where weak nature fail,
The holy spirit's powerful aid he takes
Against those enemies who oft assail;
In vain the world its tempting baits display,
His shield of faith turns Satan's fiery darts away.

At length we see him at life's utmost bound,
His journey over, and the prize in view,
Nor death nor hell can his firm soul confound,
He finds his Saviour's promise just and true;
Jesus for him disarms the horrid king,
"Where is thy victory, grave?—death where thy sting?"

LYDIA.

ANCIENT LITERATURE.

ON PROPERTIUS.

I HOPE that the following account of Propertius will not be considered a presumptuous attempt to overthrow the character of a well known poet, but rather as an honest endeavour to justly appreciate a man, whose works have in my opinion been strangely overvalued. A numerous class of beings called commentators, whose usefulness every